The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1801. [NO. XIV.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;
OR,
MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

(Continued from our last.)

"Much of his time was spent in reading. His books were generally such as suited my taste. They abounded with instruction, from which I continually acquired new light, and our mutual circumstances allowed him to rehearse them to me. His utterance was in the highest degree proper and emphatic, and conferred new energies and graces on all that he read. I listened and found no satiety. I regretted when the book was finished, and intreated him to begin again. If the sentiments and language were sufficiently imprinted on my memory, his tones and looks, while thus employed, afforded a new and exquisite gratification. His absence left me in langour and impatience: the topics of our conversation were renewed. I mused on all that he had said or done during our latest interview, and alleviated the anguish of reflecting that they were past, by looking forward to the meeting of to-morrow

"In this state of things it was impossible that proofs of confidence should not be mutually exchanged. I dwelt upon all the incidents of my life with candour and minuteness. I explained the state of my feelings with regard to my brother and my husband. I avowed my approbation of what I had done. I had chosen, among many evils, the least; and my choice had given me, not indeed felicity, but content.

"He praised the rectitude of my conduct, dwelt upon the value of sacrifices made to duty, upon the selfishness and infatuation of what is called love, upon the sufficiency of mere intellectual intercourse to impart all the benefit and pleasure which a rational being can know.

"There were many points on which I had meditated with some care, and on which I had formed opinions for myself. I was highly pleased to discover a conformity in these respects between my friend and me. With the rest of the world I disagreed, and this diagreement precluded an entire union of affections between me and any of my ancient friends. While pondering upon these topics, I acquired the utmost fervour of conviction, and I glowed with the love of that excellence which my reason investigated and acknowledged; but when I looked upon mankind, I saw none who reasoned and decided like myself. Hence dissatisfaction crept into my heart. A sort of uneasiness arose, coupled with doubt of the truth of opinions, which so many whose impartiality and penetration, in general, were great, had rejected. I felt as if nothing was wanted to certainty but the occurrence of one whse judgment I respected. The approbation of the whole world, or of a great number, I could dispense with, provided the sympathy and co-decision of one were granted me.

"I had inferred, from my uniform experience, that it was vain to search for an human being whose taste and opinions were like mine, but now this similitude was found in as absolute a degree as I was able to conceive. I cannot describe my emotions upon this discovery. For the first time in my life I tasted happiness. My being seemed to be newly fashioned, my soul to imbibe a double portion of intelligence. Instead of barren content I found myself reserved for rapture. The *friend* who had hitherto existed a creature of my reveries and wishes, was embodied, brought to me by some auspicious fate, from a distance, and placed within the sphere of mutual knowledge and attraction.

"There was nothing in my situation to damp my enjoyments. I was conscious of no criminal or wayward thought. My heart was satisfied because it was full. My actual engagements were recalled to memory with the same emotions as formerly; or, rather, I had reason to regard them with more complacency. The void in my bosom I had formerly imagined could only be filled by love, but now was my mistake rectified. To think of our guest as the lover or husband of another, gave me no anxiety. To think that a bar existed by which a closer union between us was rendered impossible, excited no regret. The existence of a passion, purified from the impulses of sense, I conceived to be now verified by my own experience.

"The apprehensions of different sentiments in my friend were removed. He loved, but the object of his passion was dead. This love continued, and would never subside, would never give place to a new devotion, would never absolve him from a vow of eternal celibacy. He was contented with the enjoyments of friendship. In me he discovered properties more similar to his own than in any being but her whom death had severed from him. He rejoiced that my hand was possessed by another, because this circumstance precluded all misconstructions: it added still more strength to the motives which forbade him to regard me in any light but that of a rational being, whose feelings of attachment or aversion were uninfluenced by sex.

"My husband's character was distinguished by probity and knowledge. Conscious of my purity, recollecting the conditions of our union, and determined to make him the witness and arbiter of all my sentiments and actions, I dreaded not any evil to him, or any impediment to my intercourse with Haywood from his notions of decorum or right.

"Thus did the hours pass. Haywood's gloom vanished, or it revisited him only in moments of solitude. He became sprightly in demeanour, and fluent in discourse. All the powers of his mind seemed to expand as under a more genial temperature. He did not scruple to ascribe this propitious change to my influence, and hence I derived new topics of congratulation.

"This serenity lasted not long. Gradually, my friend contracted an air of pensiveness and discontent, but he was as much devoted to my company as ever. He was no less unreserved in his communications. He was equally attentive to the injunctions of decorum. In moments of the most unbounded confidence and sacred seclusion, he never treated me but with personal respect, and invariable sedateness of manners. Indeed, I will confess, that,

in this respect, he was more austere than my reason or my inclination required. I asked no more reserve from him than was practised by my brother, or my female friends, and I saw no reason why I should be satisfied with less. If our emotions with regard to each other were precisely the same why should particular restraints be adopted?

"Hence, indeed, arose the first interruption to my quiet. Comparing his deportment with that which my own heart prompted, and of those whose sex or affinity took away all doubt as to the nature of their love, I perceived an unacceptable difference. I imputed this difference to coldness. This imputation he repelled by new ardour of professions, by appealing to the hours which he spent in my society, and to the proofs of confidence which his behaviour continually afforded. Methought the inference was irresistible, and yet, while my understanding was convinced, my heart doubted.

"Infatuated girl! How lightly didst thou tread upon the brink of perdition! How ingenious wast thou in intangling thyself and thy friend in inextricable ruin! I looked into my own heart, but saw nothing to condemn. Not a spot adhered to my integrity. I was conscious of no evil. I was trained in no school of duplicity and stratagem. The consciousness of rectitude I thought would bear me up against the censures of the world, but sentiments so blameless as mine would forever shield me from that censure.

"I am almost ashamed to confess the urgency with which I sought those tokens of tenderness which were adapted to precipitate his ruin. In my guileless apprehension, they could not be bestowed too liberally. To withhold them was a proof of the want of affection, or argued an affection that was not legitimate; that annexed more importance to this privilege than it merited, and that was conscious of improper tendencies. I could not acquiesce in any other conclusion.

"Instead, however, of complying with my wishes, in this respect, he became more pensive and museful. He talked less during our interviews; these interviews were shorter and less frequent. His bloom and his health rapidly decayed. He immured himself for days in his chamber, and admitted my visits not without objections and reluctance. I urged him to explain the cause of this change. For a time, he obstinately denied the reality of any change in his health, and ascribed the revolution in his manners to caprice, to chance, to some cause beyond his power and inclination to explain.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

THE LATE MRS. GODWIN,

AUTHOR OF A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

(Continued from our last.)

"I JUST now received one of your hasty *notes*; for business so entirely occupies you, that you have not time, or sufficient command of thought, to write letters. Beware! you seem to have got into a whirl of projects and schemes, which are drawing you into a gulph, that, if it do not absorb your happiness, will infallibly destroy mine.

"Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles, not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful; not merely pleasure, for which I had the most lively taste, I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection, escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind. Since I knew you, I have been endeavouring to go back to my former nature, and have allowed some time to glide away, winged with the delight which only spontaneous enjoyment can give.—Why have you so soon dissolved the charm?"

"I am really unable to bear the continual inquietude which your and ——'s never-ending plans produce. This you may term want of firmness....but you are mistaken....I have still sufficient firmness to pursue my principle of action. The present misery, I cannot find a softer word to do justice to my feelings, appears to me unnecessary....and therefore I have not firmness to support it as you may think I ought. I should have been content, and still wish, to retire with you to a farm.... My God! any thing but these continual anxieties....any thing but commerce, which debases the mind, and roots out affection from the heart." But...."My animal is well; I have not yet taught her to eat, but nature is doing the business. I gave her a crust to assist the cutting of her teeth; and now she has two, she makes good use of them to gnaw a crust, biscuit, &c. You would laugh to see her; she is just like a little squirrel; she will guard a crust for two hours; and, after fixing her eye on an object for some time, dart on it with an aim as sure as a bird of prey."

What an affection that could pen these sentiments to a man who had forfeited every claim to her esteem!—

"My friend....my dear friend....examine yourself well....I am out of the question; for, alas! I am nothing....and discover what you wish to do....what will render you most comfortable....or, to be more explicit, whether you desire to live with me, or part for ever? When you can once ascertain it, tell me frankly, I conjure you!....for, believe me, I have involuntarily interrupted your peace."

"I shall expect you to dinner on Monday, and will endeavour to assume a cheerful face to greet you."

But her griefs are renewed and augmented—

"The common run of men, I know, with strong health and gross appetites, must have variety to banish *ennui*, because the imagination never lends its magic wand to convert appetite into love, cemented by according reason.—Ah! my friend, you know not the ineffable delight, the exquisite pleasure, which arises from an unison of affection and desire, when the whole soul and senses are abandoned to a lively imagination, that renders every emotion delicate and rapturous. Yes; these are emotions, over which satiety has no power, and the recollection of which, even disappointment cannot disenchant; but they do not exist without self-denial. These emotions, more or less strong, appear to me to be the distinctive characteristic of genius, the foundation of taste, and of that exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, of which the common herd of eaters and drinkers, and *child-begetters*, certainly have no idea. You will smile at an observation that has just occurred to me:....I consider those minds as the most strong and original, whose imagination acts as a stimulus to their senses.

"Well! you will ask, what is the result of all this reasoning? Why I cannot help thinking that it is possible for you, having great strength of mind, to return to nature, and regain a sanity of constitution and purity of feeling....which would open your heart to me.—I would fain rest there!

"Yet, convinced more than ever of the sincerity and tenderness of my attachment to you, the involuntary hopes which a determination to live has revived, are not sufficiently strong to dissipate the cloud that despair has spread over futurity. I have looked at the sea, and at my child, hardly daring to own to myself the secret wish, that it might become our tomb; and that the heart, still so alive to anguish, might there be quieted by death. At this moment ten thousand complicated sentiments press for utterance, weigh on my heart, and obscure my sight.

"Are we ever to meet again? and will

you endeavour to render that meeting happier than the last? Will you endeavour to restrain your caprices, in order to give vigour to affection, and to give play to the checked sentiments that nature intended should expand your heart? I cannot indeed, without agony, think of your bosom's being continually contaminated; and bitter are the tears which exhaust my eyes, when I recollect why my child and I are forced to stray from the asylum, in which, after so many storms, I had hoped to rest, smiling at angry fate.—These are not common sorrows; nor can you perhaps conceive, how much active fortitude it requires to labour perpetually to blunt the shafts of disappointment."

"How am I altered by disappointment! ....When going to ——, ten years ago, the elasticity of my mind was sufficient to ward off weariness....and the imagination still could dip her brush in the rainbow of fancy, and sketch futurity in smiling colours. Now I am going towards the north in search of sun-beams!....Will any ever warm this desolated heart? All nature seems to frown.....or rather mourn with me.—Every thing is cold....cold as my expectations! Before I left the shore, tormented as I now am, by these north-east *chillers*, I could not help exclaiming.... Give me, gracious heaven! at least, genial weather, if I am never to meet the genial affection that still warms this agitated bosom..compelling life to linger there."

To Imlay again—

"I labour in vain to calm my mind.... my soul has been overwhelmed by sorrow and disappointment. Every thing fatigues me....this is a life that cannot last long. It is you who must determine with respect to futurity....and, when you have, I will act accordingly....I mean, we must either resolve to live together, or part for ever. I cannot bear these continual struggles.—But I wish you to examine carefully your own heart and mind; and, if you perceive the least chance of being happier without me than with me, or if your inclination leans capriciously to that side, do not dissemble; but tell me frankly that you will never see me more. I will then adopt the plan I mentioned to you....for we must either live together, or I will be entirely independent."

"Believe me, (and my eyes fill with tears of tenderness as I assure you) there is nothing I would not endure in the way of privation, rather than disturb your tranquillity.—If I am fated to be unhappy, I will labour to hide my sorrows in my own bosom; and you shall always find me a faithful, affectionate friend.

(To be Continued.)

Travels.

VAUXHALL.

[From Moritz's Travels into England.]

Vauxhall is, properly speaking, the name of a little village, in which the garden, now almost exclusively bearing the same name, is situated. You pay two shillings on entrance.

On entering it, I really found, or fancied I found, some resemblance to our Berlin Vauxhall; if, according to Virgil, I may be permitted to compare small things with great ones. The walks at least, with the paintings at the end, and the high trees, which, here and there, form a beautiful grove or wood, on either side, were so similar to those of Berlin, that often, as I walked along them, I seemed to transport myself, in imagination, once more to Berlin, and forgot for a moment, that immense seas, and mountains, and kingdoms, now lay between us. I was the more tempted to indulge in this reverie, as I actually met with several gentlemen, inhabitants of Berlin; in particular Mr. S***r, and some others, with whom I spent the evening in the most agreeable manner. Here and there you are pleasingly surprised by the sudden appearance of the statues of the most renowned English poets and philosophers; such as Milton, Thomson, and others. But what gave me most pleasure, was the statue of the German composer, Handel, which, on entering the garden, is not far distant from the orchestra.

This orchestra is among a number of trees, situated as in a little wood, and is an exceedingly handsome one. As you enter the garden, you immediately hear the sound of vocal and instrumental music. There are several female singers constantly hired to sing here.

On each side of the orchestra are small boxes, with tables and benches, in which you sup. I supped here with Mr. S***r, and the secretary of the Prussian ambassador; besides a few other gentlemen from Berlin; but what most astonished me, was the boldness of the women of the town, who often rushed in upon us by half-dozens, and in the most shameless manner importuned us for wine. Our gentlemen thought it either unwise, unkind, or unsafe, to refuse them so small a boon.

When the evening was pretty far advanced, we were entertained with a sight, that is indeed singularly curious and interesting. In a particular part of the garden, a curtain was drawn up, and by means of some mechanism, of extraordinary ingenuity, the eye and the ear are so completely deceived, that it is not easy to persuade one's-self it is a deception; and that one does not actually see and hear a natural waterfall from a high rock. As every one was flocking to this scene in crowds, there rose all at once a loud cry of, "Take care of your pockets." This informed us, but too clearly, that there were some pick-pockets among the crowd, who had already made some fortunate strokes.

The rotunda, a magnificent circular building, in the garden, particularly engaged my attention.

By means of beautiful chandeliers and large mirrors, it was illuminated in the most superb manner; and every where decorated with delightful paintings and statues, in the contemplation of which you may spend several hours very agreeably, when you are tired of the crowd and the bustle, in the walks of the garden.

Among the paintings one represents the surrender of a besieged city. If you look at this painting with attention, for any length of time, it affects you so much, that you even shed tears. The expression of the greatest distress, even bordering on despair, on the part of the besieged, the fearful expectation of the uncertain issue, and what the victors will determine, concerning these unfortunate people, may all be read so plainly, and so naturally, in the countenances of the inhabitants who are imploring for mercy, from the hoary head to the suckling, whom his mother holds up, that you quite forget yourself, and, in the end, scarcely believe it to be a painting before you.

You also here find the busts of the best English authors, placed all around on the sides. Thus a Briton again meets with his Shakspeare, Locke, Milton, and Dryden, in the public places of his amusements; and there also reveres their memory. Even the common people thus become familiar with the names of those who have done honour to their nation, and are taught to mention them with veneration. For this rotunda is also an orchestra, in which the music is performed in rainy weather.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. III.

But look, the moon, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

SHAKSPEARE.

If it were asked, by what rule shall we distinguish infantine genius? I would answer—by the susceptibility of his heart to the simple beauties of creation. I have seen the child who never quitted his sports

for the charms of contemplation; and I have seen him who was never so happy as when he could retire, unperceived by his associates, to the woods and groves. I do not mean to assert, varying as ability is, that he who is unstudious of nature, should be esteemed of an indifferent genius; but this we may with safety affirm, that the soul which is in sensibility with nature, contains a being of the first order. It is fruitless to urge, that education is the origin of taste: education may improve and multiply the sources of our delight; but there are thousands, not lost to education, who are yet unknown to the delicacies of many a heart, which has never been benefited by knowledge.

But there are times and seasons when no rational being can be indifferent to the goodness of his Creator. When unassisted instinct proclaims aloud the beneficence which surrounds it; and the intelligence of an unfailing Preserver. The budding promise of the year awakes the heart to tenderness and gratitude, and the fields resound with melody. The suns of summer confirm the promise, and autumn is loaded with benevolence. Can man be insensible or ungrateful!

In the general dispensation of life, there is no time which more constantly reminds us of our Benefactor, or in which the heart is more alive to his munificence, than in the morning hour. Whether we are placed among the sweetest of created scenes, or confined to the limits of the city, there is something extremely affecting in the thoughts of an opening day. A sense of continued life, and, if the mind be not depressed with trouble, the calmness arising from rest, and the freshness of waking strength, are feelings not circumstanced to place, but felt and acknowledged by all. To rural life, however, we must still recur, for the full enchantment of the morn. And what can be more delightful, than the sense which is here felt of an omnipresent and unchanging God?

As Flavius is an example of this happiness, I shall not scruple to introduce him to the reader.

It is now sixteen years since my friend was enabled, by the disease of his uncle, who left him about four hundred a year, to realize the most pleasing hopes. Though confined, in early life, to business and toil, he ceased not to hope for retirement. When he entered on his little estate, he planned that happy uniformity which has rendered his existence the envy of many who surround him, with greater riches, and the blessing of the poor.' I visited him in the beginning of last May; and this was his manner of life.—He rose between five and six;—(he informed me that he should rise at five, in June and July; and that he never rose later than seven)—descended to a little room, which he calls his study, where he remained a few minutes, just to glance, as he said, at a little prospect before his window, which always reminded him of his bliss. By six o'clock, he was prepared for his usual tour, which he continued till seven. I could not but delight in the enthusiasm of this excellent man. Often as he had traced this path, every tree was still an object of his pleasure. He seemed to join in the chorus of the fields; he was full of the most eloquent rapture; and his soul was in every scene. How changed from what I once knew him!—the languid and emaciated Flavius! with, now and then, as importunity could prevail, the forced gaiety of a ball-room. He married at the age of six-and-twenty; but he married a woman, who like himself, was only corrupted by necessity: and Amelia was waiting our return. This amiable wife shall speak for herself. "So Mr. Reflector," said she, in compliment to my literary name, "we are to have, I hope, the pleasure of your company for a few days. As that is agreed, I shall not yet enquire of you, your thoughts and reflections respecting our seclusion; though, retired as we are, I may venture to remind you of the opinion which you formerly entertained: that we were not seriously bent on solitude." "Madam!" "No, Sir, no: you are not quite at liberty to reply. A woman, it is commonly said, will always be heard, when she is not disposed to hear. Indeed, Mr. Reflector, I have not forgotten those philosophical lessons which you so obligingly gave me, on different occasions: your descriptions of a country life; your censures on our *then* conduct: and your doubts of our professions, because a little at varience with our practice. But you see, that we are not your most ungrateful pupils; that we have, by the favour of Providence, profited in your instructions. You have taken a morning ramble with your friend; and what think you of Flavius?" "My fair student is certainly too reproachful; she is pleased to be merry. I never doubted her intentions, or those of my friend Flavius; but I thought that they were rather negligent in enforcing them, and, apparently, more attached to the busy world, than mere necessity could justify. Even here I own my error. Neither of you deserved this suspicion. And thus let us end it."....The reader will suppose that this difficulty was most amicably adjusted: "But you ask of me an opinion of Flavius. He is present." At this moment two sweet children... the boy about twelve, and the girl about ten years old, came prancing into the room. They had been out on their morning walk, and had breakfasted at a neighbouring farm-house. Born and nurtured in the country, under the most affectionate and intelligent of parents, they were the emblems of innocence and health. "Ah! Flavius," said his Amelia, as her children retired, "I always think, with regret, on the little ones we have lost: those two sweet babes who died before our arrival at this place. I cannot but account their premature loss, if so I may call it, to the situation in which we lived. Had they, like those whom we now possess, received similar advantages in place and attention, perhaps they had still been ours!" This was a natural, if it might be an unjust regret. Flavius did not offer to interrupt it, for he knew the delicacy of sorrow.

Amelia had risen at six, and employed about an hour in the flower-garden, before we were seated at the breakfast-table; which, as I mentioned before, was ready to welcome our return. The bloom of morning was in her face, and the sweetness of that air which had tinted her cheek, enlivened our little scene, as it entered at an opened window, which commanded a beautiful lawn. Our conversation was animated by reflection, and chastened by piety: but that reflection was the reflection of peace; and that piety might have charmed an infidel. I staid as long as I could in this tranquil abode; and parted with these friends most reluctantly. There, in the winter of the year, I propose to return, and if I do, I will record my visit.

GOSSIPIANA.

NO. I.

PREVIOUS REMARKS.

It would much conduce, saith my Lord Bacon, to the magnanimity and honour of man, if a collection were made of the *ultimities* (as the schools speak) or *summities* (as Pindar) of human nature, principally out of the faithful reports of history; tending to shew, *What is the last and highest pitch to which man's nature of itself hath ever reached in all the perfections both of body and mind*....Agreeable to this opinion I shall mark the ensuing selection.

Should I, however, be induced to step aside from the common track of my predecessors in this walk, and, not content with relating such wit and wisdom as hath been dignified by the mouth of distinction, re-

cord observations and acts which, though performed by persons of lighter note, derive import from their intrinsic merit, I trust that the reader will not dislike such digression. Furthermore be it known, this conduct will more tend to prosper my Lord Bacon's purpose than may at first be imagined. For, it will assuredly exalt human nature to shew, that independent of the proficiencies of science, it is capable of so high atchevements.

So much nonsense has appeared in the world, under the sanction of "anecdotes," and so many collections and extracts have lately been ushered into notice, that I am deterred from a repetition of which the critic is heartily tired. A very few years has produced more in this way, than all the preceding centuries of the world: even if we except the numerous *ana* which were once the rage in France, and which have since been retailed in every possible shape. Nevertheless, within the recollection of the writer of this article, the public are indebted to many excellent collections for this most agreeable and instructive kind of reading: The voluminous, and the petit anecdotist has, in turns, excited our applause: the elegant compiler of curiosities, and the cheap gleaner of bon-mots, have each received their reward; and it is presumed from these receptions, that the general relish is far from sated; while the stores whence such materials were drawn, still remain unexhausted.

Nor is it here requisite to enter at large into the form and merits of Anecdote; a species of provision universally relished and digested. Ths legacies of sages, statesmen, generals, poets, orators, wits, and the like, as bequeated to posterity in the retort-courteous or abrupt, as the emergency of conversation engendered, tend too highly to the honour, and to the refreshment of our minds, to be passed by with indifference. How benefits the quick intercourse of life by a display of these treasures. The stream of discourse would, without such helps, not only glide easily along, but often meet a total stagnation. And the man, without a single opportunity of gathering real improvement in the fields of history and science, may yet advantage others unfearful of raising their envy, by a ready relation of anecdote.

CHARLEMAGNE.

The universal power of the blind god, is related by every poet, ancient and modern, in terms of such confidence as would excite conviction in the reader less inclined to try its validity by the stagyrite, than borne away in the fire of his author. The following anecdote should convince us that poets were not always fabulous.

Charles the Great, after having conqured MANY countries, abandoned himself so much to the love of ONE woman, that forgetful of his honour and reputation, he not only neglected the care of his kingdom, but still more that of his own person. It was not without extreme felicity, that the princes, and great officers of his court saw this female attacked by a fever, of which she died, hoping by her death Charles would be more attentive to the government of his states; on the contrary, the monarch gave himself up to an excessive grief, nor would he leave the corpse, which he continued to embrace, notwithstanding it was already putrid. All the court were so astonished at this monstrous passion, that Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, his favourite, took a momentary advantage of his master's absence, to visit the body. He found concealed, under her tongue, a ring (dear token of Charles's love) which, he removed to her finger. The Emperor, on his return, perceiving this, was convinced of his error; and roused as from a deep stupor, he was ashamed of his weakness, and gave orders for the immediate interment of a corpse which now excited horror. The charm consisted apparently in the ring; and he had no sooner quitted the body than his attention retreated to Archbishop Turpin, with whom he usually passed his time. That wise prelate knowing the value of the ring, and fearing it might fall into the hands of some one inclined to misuse its favours, ordered it to be thrown into a lake near Aix la Chapelle. But in falling into the water, it did not lose the force of its charms. The Emperor found himself so attached to the place, that he never after quitted the city of Aix. He built a palace there, in which he died, after having ordained, by will, that all the Roman Emperors should be previously crowned at Aix la Chapelle.

Some writers assert that this prince (Charlemagne) was of great stature; but I believe (says Cardinal Perron) his father called him Pippen the short, on account of the shortness of his person. We must not estimate the term GREAT by ell-measure. M. Bertand and I were discoursing, as we passed the river Loire, on the boldness of Alexander the Great's passage over the Indus, a river of so vast a size. The boatman, who heard our discourse, asked if the person we talked of was Alexander the GREAT? On our replying yes, he observed it was no wonder, if Alexander was so GREAT a man, that he crossed a river.

THEODERIC, ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.

This prelate was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the Emperor Sigismond asked of him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, sire, expect it in this world." —"Which then is the way to happiness hereafter?—"You must act virtuously." —"What do you mean by that expression?—"I mean," says Theoderic, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct, which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gravel, gout, or stone."

SIMPLICITY.

Gross instances of weakness of intellect are ludicrous. A Venetian of moderate understanding mounted his horse to go into the country. His servant followed on foot, close behind him. The horse kicked the vallet; who in a passion flung a stone at him, which struck the master on the back. The master chid the servant for walking so slow. "I cannot walk faster," replied the valet, "for your horse has given me a kick."—"Ah! a beast!" replied the master: "I will give him his due; for he has just kicked me on the back."

There is no place when an instance of this kind of simplicity appears with less propriety than in the pulpit. A priest at Tivoli was declaiming in his sermon against adultery. "I would rather," says the indignant preacher, "be connected with TEN virgins, than ONE married woman."

During the war, in 1376, between the Pope and Florence, some troops, headed by Robert, Cardinal of Genoa, afterwards Pope, besieged, in 1378, a place where Rodolphus Veran de Camarino had sationed himself, in order to defend the place, and to prevent a sedition. Rodolphus had harrassed the Cardinal by frequent sorties and skirmishes. At length the Cardinal sent a message to the General, to demand the reason why he did not come out and give battle. "My reason for not coming out" replied Camarino "is, that my Lord Cardinal may not come in."

HYPOCRISY.

There is no man who does not act the hypocrite on some occasion. The Count Gaspard de Schilick, who had been chancellor to three preceding Emperors, said to Frederic the Third, that he would instantly retire from the world, as he saw that it was filled with hypocrites and knaves. "You must then go to some unknown country," replied Frederic; "and yet there will be one hypocrite wherever you reside, unless you pretend to be a god, and not a man."

New-York,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1801.

THE EDITOR TO HIS PATRONS.

THREE months have now elapsed since THE LADY'S MONITOR made its appearance before the public. It was undertaken, by the present Editor, with a foresight of the many difficulties which might impede its progress for a time; but feeling confident his plan was judicious, and relying upon the aid of his friends and the public, he could not doubt of its ultimate success. Notwithstanding the melancholy fate of almost every work, devoted to literature, which has *had being* in our country, he has been induced to make *one struggle more* to excite emulation in the breasts of the rising generation. To his fair countrywomen, in particular, he has directed his attention; and has endeavoured to lay before them that which, in his opinion, was best calculated to form the mind to virtue....expand the heart....correct the taste....establish general and liberal principles....in short, what was most likely to amuse and instruct. The Editor has, indeed, experienced the most flattering species of encouragement, in the approbation bestowed by those whose judgment is a sufficient sanction in favour of any production relative to literature. The plan on which his labours was first submitted, was entirely of a literary nature. Politics were unequivocally disclaimed: and, on a retrospect of his conduct, he trusts, it will be found that he has favoured no party; nor shewn a solicitude for the investigation of passing scenes.

Authentic narratives, that explain, in simple and perspicuous language, the dispositions and pursuits of man; that apply to every circumstance and nation, universal as nature herself, are objects deserving of his attention.

The drama, in every sense important, shall continue to receive that serious attention which it demands.

Should false dogmas so far corrupt the public taste as to obtain the stand of philosophy, the Editor will feel himself bound to unmask them; if poetasters will claim the laurel of Petrarch, and their sisters assume that of Sappho, his discernment will withhold him from allowing those claims. He must not say puns are wit, nor rhyme poetry. In all this he is not, as some may think him, imperious; but bound by the dictates of common feeling, and common sense, and obedient to the legislators of learning. On these principles his labours will be continued, while the approbation of his readers shall continue to follow them.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMAS IN OUR LAST.

1. Farringdon. 2. Canterbury.

SOLUTION TO THE RIDDLE IN OUR LAST.

MERMAID.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

THE dramatis personæ commenced their theatrical campaign on Monday evening last. A genteel and crowded audience attended the representation of Kotzebue's much-admired Comedy, of "Lovers' Vows." The bills of the day announced the return of Mr. Cooper to our boards....Every heart was elated at the prospect of again beholding this fascinating actor...Fortune's favorite and the public's idol. The piece for the evening furnished no character calculated to introduce Mr. Hodgkinson, who would, indeed, have been most welcome. The principal characters were supported as follows:

Baron Wildenhaim, . .	*Mr. Tyler.*
Frederick Fribourg, . .	*Mr. Cooper.*
Count Cassel, ...	*Mr. Jefferson.*
Arnaud, ...	*Mr. Martin.*
Amelia, ...	*Mrs. Hodgkinson.*
Theodosia Fribourg, .	*Mrs. Melmouth.*

The first act discovers the seduced Theodosia Fribourg, cloathed in rags, and in the greatest distress, sitting by the road-side; after having been turned out of doors by a boorish landlord, with whom she had spent "her last farthing." When the landlord retires, she advances to the front of the stage, and invokes Providence with these words:

"Oh Providence! thou hast till this hour protected me, and hast given me fortitude not to despair. Receive my humble thanks, and restore me to health, for the sake of my poor son, the innocent cause of my sufferings, and yet my only comfort. *(Kneeling)* Oh, grant that I may see him once more! See him improved in strength of mind and body; and that by thy gracious mercy he may never be visited with afflictions great as mine. *(After a pause)* Protect his father too, merciful Providence, and pardon his crime of perjury to me! Here, in the face of heaven (supposing my end approaching, and that I can but a few days longer struggle with want and sorrow) here I solemnly forgive my seducer for all the ills, the accumulated evils which his allurements, his deceit, and cruelty, have for twenty years past drawn upon me."

At this distressing moment, when her sufferings are about to close with her existence, Frederick (her son) enters, dressed in a German soldier's uniform, stops at the door of the inn, and speaks as follows:

"Halt! Stand at ease! It is a very hot day ....A draught of good wine will not be amiss. But first let me consult my purse. *(Takes out a couple of pieces of money, which he turns about in his hand.)* This will do for a breakfast....the other remains for my dinner; and in the evening I shall be at home. *(Calls out)* Ha! Halloo! Landlord! *(Takes notice of* Theodosia, *who is leaning against a tree.)* Who is that? A poor sick woman! She don't beg; but her appearance makes me think she is in want. Must one always wait to give till one is asked? Shall I go without my breakfast now, or lose my dinner? The first I think is the best. Ay, I don't want a breakfast, for dinner time will soon be here. To do good satisfies both hunger and thirst. *(Going towards her with the money in his hand.)* Take this, good woman. *(She stretches her hand for the gift, looks steadfastly at him, and cries out with astonishment and joy.)* "Frederick!"

He embraces her and exclaims, "Mother!"

Here an explanation takes place which would melt the heart of a stoic. A solemn stillness reigns throughout this scene. The audience feel the powers of the author, and loudly applaud the merits of the actor.

The prattle of the playful and innocent Amelia, and her manner of answering her father's interrogatories, in the second act, was elegantly simple, and shows she had dream'd of "those golden days of which the poets sing."

Arnaud's (Amelia's tutor) description of "the good and bad of which matrimony is composed," in the third act, is concise and impressive. He addresses Amelia thus:

"When two sympathetic hearts meet in the marriage state, matrimony may be called a happy life. When such a wedded pair find thorns in their path, each will be eager, for the sake of the other, to tear them from the root. Where they have to mount hills, or wind a labyrinth, the most experienced will lead the way, and be a guide to his companion. Patience and love will accompany them in their journey, while melancholy and discord they leave far behind.—Hand in hand they pass on from morning till evening, through their summer's day, till the night of age draws on, and the sleep of death overtakes the one. The other weeping and mourning, yet looks forward to the bright region where he shall meet his still surviving partner, among trees and flowers which themselves have planted, in fields of eternal verdure.

Here the child of innocence playfully exclaims, "you may tell my father I'll marry."

Arnaud continues:

"This picture is pleasing; but I must beg you not to forget that there is another on the same subject.—When convenience, and fair appearance, joined to folly and ill-humour, forge the fetters of matrimony, they gall with their weight the married pair. Discontented with each other....at variance in opinions....their mutual aversion increases with the years they live together. They contend most, where they should most unite; torment, where they should most soothe. In this rugged way, choaked with the weeds of suspicion, jealousy, anger, and hatred, they take their daily journey, till one of these *also* sleep in death. The other then lifts up his dejected head, and calls out in acclamations of joy....Oh, liberty! dear liberty!"

Here Amelia, with the same innocent frankness, mournfully exclaims, "I will not marry!"

The dialogue between the Baron and Frederick, at the close of the fourth act, is written in a nervous stile; and, as it flowed from the lips of a Tyler, and a Cooper, produced its full effect upon the audience. The subject is a most interesting one, and shows the horrors of seduction in its true light. Kotzebue, in this scene, as in many others, has been peculiarly happy. We lay it before our readers; and sincerely hope it may prove a useful "Monitor."

Baron (haughtily to Frederick.*)* I know, young man, you plead your mother's wants in excuse for an act of desperation: but powerful as this plea might be in palliation of a fault, it cannot extenuate a crime like yours.

Frederick. I have a plea for my conduct even more powerful than a mother's wants.

Baron. What's that?

Frederick. My father's cruelty.

Baron. You have a father then?

Frederick. I have, and a rich one....Nay, one that's reputed virtuous, and honourable. A great man, possessing estates and patronage in abundance; much esteemed at court, and beloved by his tenants; kind, benevolent, honest, generous—

Baron. And with all those great qualities, abandons you?

Frederick. He does, with all the qualities I mention.

Baron. Your father may do right; a disputed, desperate youth, whom kindness cannot draw from vicious habits, severity may.

Frederick. You are mistaken....My father does not discard me for my vices....He does not know me....has never seen me....He abandoned me, even before I was born.

Baron. What do you say?

Frederick. The tears of my mother are all that I inherit from my father. Never has he protected or supported me....never protected her.

Baron. Why don't you apply to his relations?

Frederick. They disown me, too....I am, they say, related to no one....All the world disclaim me, except my mother....and there again, I have to thank my father.

Baron. How so?

Frederick. Because I am an illegitimate son.—My seduced mother has brought me up in patient misery. Industry enabled her to give me an education; but the days of my youth commenced with hardships, sorrow, and danger.—My companions lived happy around me, and had a pleasing prospect in their view, while bread and water only were my food, and no hopes joined to sweeten it. But my father felt not that!

Baron (to himself.) He touches my heart.

Frederick. After five years' absence from my mother, I returned this very day, and found her dying in the streets for want....Not even a hut to shelter her, or a pallet of straw ....But my father, he feels not that! He lives in a palace, sleeps on the softest down, enjoys all the luxuries of the great; and when he dies, a funeral sermon will praise his great benevolence, his christian charities.

Baron (greatly agitated.) What is your father's name?

Frederick.—He took advantage of an innocent young woman, gained her affection by flattery and false promises: gave life to an unfortunate being, who was on the point of murdering his father.

Baron (shuddering.) Who is he?

Frederick. Baron Wildenhaim. *(The* Baron's *emotion expresses the sense of amazement, guilt, shame, and horror.)*

Frederick. In this house did you rob my mother of her honour; and in this house I am a sacrifice for the crime. I am your prisoner.—I will not be free....I am a robber ....I give myself up.—You *shall* deliver me into the hands of justice....You shall accompany me to the spot of public execution. You shall hear in vain the chaplain's consolation and injunctions. You shall find how I, in despair, will, to the last moment, call for retribution on my father.

Baron. Stop! Be pacified—

Frederick.—And when you turn your head from my extended corse, you will behold my weeping mother....Need I paint how her eyes will greet you?

Baron. Desist....barbarian, savage, stop!

Enter Arnaud *alarmed.*

Arnaud. What do I hear? What is this? Young man, I hope you have not made a second attempt.

Frederick. Yes; I have done what it was your place to do. I have made a sinner tremble. *(points to the* Baron, *and exit.*

Arnaud. What can this mean?....I do not comprehend——

Baron. He is my son!....He is my son!.... Go, Arnaud....advise me....help me....Go to the poor woman, his mother....He can shew you the way....make haste....speed to protect her——

Arnaud. But what am I to ——

Baron. Go.—Your heart will tell you how to act. *(Exit* Arnaud.*)* *(*Baron *distractedly.)* Who am I? What am I? Mad.... raving....no...I have a son....A son! The bravest....I will....I must....oh! *(with tenderness.)* Why have I not embraced him yet? *(increasing his voice.)* why not pressed him to my heart? Ah! see....*(looking after him)* ....He flies from the castle....Who's there? Where are my attendants? *(Enter two servants.)* Follow him....bring the prisoner back.—But observe my command....treat him with respect.....treat him as my son....and your master. (Exit.

Mr. Tyler supported the character of Baron Wildenhaim, with dignity and ease.

Mr. Cooper's *Frederick* was applauded

"To the very echo that gave it back again."

The conversation between Arnand and Amelia, breath'd

"The soft intercourse from soul to soul."

Count Cassel, in relating the wonderful carelessness of his valet, who had, oh! terrible to mention! knocked over his pomatum-cup, excited every risible muscle to action. For he seemed ready

"To break a butterfl upon a wheel?"

Mr. Hogg, as the rhy...ng Butler, played extremely well.

The farce, for that evening, was "*Fortune's Frolic.*"

Mr. Jefferson's *Robin Rough-head* was sprightly and natural.

November 18. The pupular comedy of *Fraternal Discord;* or, *The Village Doctor.* This is a successful translation from the German of Kotzebue, by Mr. Dunlap. Mr. Hodgkinson played *Count Bertram;* and Mrs. Hodgkinson *Charlotte Bertram.*

The Farce was *The Prize.*

Nov. 20. The Comedy of *The West-Indian;* with a pantomimical drama entitled, *Obi; or, Three-Fingered Jack.* The West-Indian is one of Cumberland's most successful pieces; and has been performed, with great applause, at the Theatres Royal Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, London.

MARRIED,

Some days since, Mr. JACOB M. HICKS, of Brooklyn (Long-Island,) to Miss ELIZABETH WYNCOOP, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Wyncoop, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, WILLIAM ROGERS, Esq. to Mrs. ANN CRUGER, both of this city.

DIED,

On Sunday last, of a lingering illness, Miss SALLY CASEY, a young lady in the prime of life, of amiable disposition and accomplished manners, esteemed by a numerous acquaintance and much beloved by her intimate friends.

Parnassian Garland.

SONG.

CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid, in every feature,
Are such signs of fear exprest?
Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my phrenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false....I found them so:
For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely
None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart received him,
Doom'd to love but him alone;
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him;
He was false, and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled....with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with phrenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted....
On that spot where last we met;
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty....
Still I slowly pace the plain,
Whilst each passer-by, in pity,
Cries....God help thee, Crazy Jane.

CRAZY PAUL:

A Parody on the celebrated and popular Song of CRAZY JANE, and set to the same tune.

(From a late London publication.)

WHY, dear George, in every feature
Are such signs of fear impress'd?
Can a mad, tho' hostile creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do his phrenzied looks alarm thee?
Let not these thy heart appal:
Not for *kingdoms can* he harm thee;....
Shun not then poor *Crazy Paul.*

Does *he* still for Malta languish?
Mark him and avoid his woe;
Proud ambition causes anguish,
States are false....*you* find them so.
Austria loves!....oh, how sincerely!
While the guineas round her fall;
Denmark, Sweden, lov'd *as dearly*,
Yet they're gone to *Crazy Paul.*

Fondly *George's* heart receiv'd *him*,
Doom'd to court more kings than one;
Paul vow'd to love, and *George* believ'd him;
Paul is false....*George not undone.*
From that hour his fleet is ready
To attack with fire and ball;
Nelson, with a courage steady,
Cries...." Have at thee, *Crazy Paul.*"

British tars, so gallant-hearted,
With victorious thoughts beset;
On seas where *they* and *Russia* parted,
On seas where *they* and *Russia* met,
Still shall sing the war-lorn ditty,
Still shall fight at *honor's* call;
While each passing *ship* in pity,
Cries...." God help thee, *Crazy Paul.*"

MUTUAL LOVE.

A NEW SONG.

FRIENDSHIP'S a noble generous flame,
When steady and sincere,
If woes oppress, from it we claim,
The sympathetic tear:
Friendship may oft its worth impart,
Does oft its value prove,
But there's no friendship cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

When two congenial tempers meet,
Warm'd by love's gentle fires,
Ah! then the bliss enjoy'd....how great,
Which confidence inspires,
For each to each their cares impart,
And thus its value prove;
For there's no friendship cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

At length arrives th' expected day,
Appointed to join hands,
The dance and merry roundelay
Shall hail the happy bands,
And long may Hymen joys impart,
Connubial bliss to prove,
For there's no friendship cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

TO MY WEDDING RING.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF MY MARRIAGE.

DEARER than rings with diamonds blazing,
Precious pledge of Pallio's love;
Not form'd to excite an idle gazing,
I alone thy worth must prove.

Merely to tell the world I'm married,
Be not alone thy trifling part,
But let instruction too, be carried
From thee, to reach thy wearer's heart.

Prompt thou the lesson of reflection
Each morn when waking I thee see,
O teach, to cherish an affection
That's *plain* and *without end*, like thee.

While such too seems the path of duty,
Instruct me....not my time to lose:
So shall thy want of dazzling beauty
Be compensated by thy use.

But farther still extend thy lesson,
Raise thou my thoughts to better scenes;
So shalt thou prove a real blessing,
Of value....more than what it seems.

Remind....of heaven's eternal circle,
Which like thyself *no end* can shew;
Where wreaths of ever-living myrtle
Shall bind immortal virtue's brow.

In this frail state of man's existence,
Sorrow must follow all our joy;
Ah! there's an hour, at no great distance,
Shall e'en the hymenal bond destroy.

But, in that world, no bliss is fleeting,
Pallio and I, on that blest shore,
Shall know a second happy meeting,
And love's soft bonds dissolve no more.

EVE'S ADDRESS TO ADAM VERSIFIED,

From Milton. Book 4th.

*By the late Richard B. Davis.**

SWEET is the first cool breath of morn,
And sweet the tints of orient day,
When clear, on early breezes borne,
The voice of Music hails its ray.

Delightful is the genial power
Of the bright sun, when first he sheds
His beam upon each glittering flower,
And wakes them on their dewy beds:

And fragrant is the fertile soil,
When gentle showers its bosom touch,
Bid the expanding foilage smile,
And decorate the verdant couch.

Grateful is thy approach, mild *Even*,
And thine, still *Night*,....the solemn strain
Of thy sweet bird....the gems of Heaven,
Led by the Moon in glittering train....

But not the sweets that Morning spreads,
Nor the bright tints of orient Day,
Nor Day's proud Regent, when he sheds
O'er sleeping flowers his genial ray:

Nor Earth, perfum'd by fragrant showers,
Nor Eve's approach, nor silent Night,
With all their varied charms have powers,
When thou art absent, to delight.

* The miscellaneous productions of Mr. R. B. Davis, in prose and verse, many of which possess distinguished merit, will shortly be published.

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